The Vermont Farmer.

AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR THE RURALISTS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE.

VOL. V.—NO. 40. | ST. JOHNSBURY, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1875. | WHOLE NO. 248.

Vermont Farmer

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY

ROYAL CUMMINGS

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

C. HORACE HUBBARD, Agricultural Ed'r,

P. O. Address, Springfield, Vt.

Terms of Subscription.

One copy one year, paid in advance,..........Two Dollars.
One copy six months,................One Dollar.
One copy three months, on trial, Fifty Cents.

Free of Postage to any Point in the United States or Canada.

All papers stopped when the subscription has expired.

In requesting a change of address, the postoffice it is to be changed from should be given as well as the new address.

In Clubs.—As an inducement for subscribers to club together and bring in other subscribers, four copies are sent for six dollars, or at the rate of $1,50 per copy when four or more are ordered at a time.

Rates of Advertising.—For one or more inches of space four or more weeks, 25 cents an inch per week. Rule, Multiply the number of inches space by the number of weeks and divide by four to find the cost in dollars.

Communications for the Agricultural Department should be addressed to the Agricultural Editor at Springfield, Vt.

Lexington, the wonderful sire, for whom Mr Alexander paid $15,000 when he was 15 years old, and blind, is dead. Peace to his ashes.

The Springfield Agricultural Society will hold a fair at the riding park, October 1st and 2d. All animals and articles for exhibition may be entered free.

E.W. Stewart, editor of the Live Stock Journal, has been elected non-resident professor of the principles of agriculture in Cornell University,—a good selection.

It is the custom of most farmers to let fodder corn lie on the ground a day or two before it is bound "to wilt." We have found the fodder better when it is bound and stooked soon as cut. It will cure more evenly, and there is less injury from exposure to the sun.

The board of agriculture will hold a meeting at an early day in the autumn, to lay out work for the winter. Parties desiring to have meetings held in their towns should make application to the secretary, Prof Collier, at Burlington, immediately. State papers please copy.

We have received the premium list of the fair to be held by the Rhode Island society for encouragement of domestic industry at Narragansett park, Providence, October 5–7. Obadiah Brown, president, Joseph H. Putnam, secretary, both of Providence. The premiums are very liberal.

Messrs W. F. Richardson & Son, of Brattleboro, who do a large butchering business, dressed an ox and hung the carcass in their stall for sale. They noticed that the bladder was very large. Before any of the meat was sold they had an ox die, and they learned that the enlarged bladder was an indication of Texas fever. The beef was taken down and buried. Such honorable dealing as that should be commended.

Ansel W. Putnam, of Danvers, Mass., writes to the New England Farmer that he strains his milk into cans, puts in the stoppers (which fill and exclude all air) at once and sinks the cans in the well. Milk cooled in this way is found to keep as well and to give as good satisfaction as that which is cooled in contact with the air. The essential oils are all retained and he thinks this is nature's way and the right way. Mr Cheever suggests the pertinent inquiry whether the animal odor is not harmless as long as it remains in the milk and away from contact with the oxygen of the air.

The Bucks county, Pa., farmers club made the following experiment in deep and shallow setting. Four hundred seventy-six pounds of milk (half the mess from eight cows for a week), was set in deep cans, 16 inches deep, in a vat of water at 58 degrees, and the same quantity, being the other half, after it had been thoroughly mixed, was set three inches deep in old fashioned pans and set on the stone floor of a milk cellar, at 60 degrees. After setting 48 hours it was skimmed. That set deep gave 46 pounds of cream and made 15 pounds, 10 ounces of butter. That set shallow gave 57 pounds of cream and made 21 pounds, six ounces of butter, a gain of over 25 per cent in quantity in favor of the shallow pans. The butter from the deep set milk was pronounced by some a trifle the best, though both would rank as strictly first class.

Mr W. F. Richardson, of Brattleboro, says he contemplated re-stocking an old mowing with grass this fall, but thinks it is too late; and asks if it will do to sow grass seed as late as this. He has 600 bushels of ashes which he intends to use on his mowings.

The usual advice is to sow grass seed early in the fall. The earlier the better, if the weather is favorable. But it is better to put it in late than to sow it in such a "dry spell" as the present (September 2nd). We have 10 acres of old mowing which has been broken since haying, manured partly with ashes and partly with Brighton fertilizer, and is all ready for the seed. It will be sown with timothy and redtop (no grain) when we have rain or pretty certain indications of it, if it is as late as the middle of November. And the clover seed will be sown in the spring, on the snow. There is no better, more certain, more lasting or cheaper fertilizer than ashes. We would be glad of a pile of 600 bushels to use on our old mowing this fall.

We examined the cattle, four in number, sick with the Texas fever, at Brattleboro, in company with Dr Cressy V. S., of the Massachusetts agricultural college on the 30th ult. They are recovering. The disease is not likely to spread. Eight animals have died. Dr Cressy and other leading veterinarians are of opinion that the disease is not communicated by our northern cattle, when sick, to others. This is a very singular characteristic of the disorder, and it is to be hoped that it will not be changed. It is safest to avoid all exposure. It is very contagious under the right conditions. Dr Cressy mentions in his report to the Connecticut board of agriculture a case of a yoke of oxen standing in a depot yard while a train loaded with western or Texas cattle came up, stopped and passed on. They did not approach the train, but were sick, and one died. It is usually taken by herding, carring or driving with or after Texan cattle.

Texan cattle or western cattle which have been with Texans, and sick or suspected cattle should be secluded.

Henry Hayward, of Rutland, reports that one animal which came to that place with a load of western cattle, was so sick that it was killed, and showed all the symptoms of Texas fever. Several cattle in another car load were similarly affected.

The offal from these sick cattle was thrown out to the hogs and forty or fifty of them have died, and are now dying every day. The spleen and liver are enlarged as in the cattle that die of the disease. The skin turns a dark red or crimson, the hind parts are paralyzed, and they become blind before they die.

It is very likely that Texas fever exists at other points in the state, and is not reported. The appearance of the beef does not indicate the presence of the disease, and it may be sold for consumption without suspicion. It's use as food is not fatal to human life, but it must be an unwholesome diet.

The most obvious symptoms of the disease are extreme constipation, urine bloody and passed with difficulty, increased internal temperature, fever, with some heat about the head, languor and loss of appetite. On dissection, the bladder, liver and spleen are greatly enlarged and congested. We give in another column the remedies recommended by Dr Cressy.

There is no present occasion for alarm in regard to the spread of the disease throughout the state. Farmers who allow their cattle to herd with, or after, western cattle must take the risk.

A friend in Sullivan county, N. H., who has a large farm, with two hundred acres of meadow, most of which is flowed by the Connecticut, with a fine set of buildings, but who is not able to give his personal attention to the farm, inquires what is the best disposition to make of it, as he is unwilling to put it in the market at the present low price of farms. He estimates that it will winter a hundred cows, and by the purchase of an adjoining farm for a pasture, the same number could be summered. The best way he can figure it, he says, his half of the net income from the farm if let on shares to a good dairyman, is as much as the whole gross income would be if he stocks it with sheep and carries it on himself. He says that he has a good man on the farm who understands dairying first rate, but has not the faculty of pushing business along. And he mentions incidentally that he has thirteen cows on the farm this season and gets no butter or cheese himself from the lot.

The management of farming property of that amount without the personal supervision of the owner, in such a way as to realize a fair income from the investment, is a problem which may well excite the ingenuity of the most skillful business man. Very few farms at the present day are doing more than to pay for the labor expended on them, say nothing of capital. Where a return is made for capital invested it is a tribute to the executive ability of the manager of the farm. The great difficulty our correspondent has to meet is to find a man who is capable of managing such a farm well, whose services as lessee, tenant on shares or manager on salary, can be procured. Men with that degree of ability and experience are not plenty, and when they are found, are not to be engaged. Your man who carries on farms "at the halves" is not that kind of a man. Not he. If a young man he lacks the experience and ripe judgment necessary. If of middle age it will usually be found that he has failed in the effort to carry on a farm or some other business for himself. The men who are wanted for such a place are practical farmers with interests of their own to look after, or they are looking toward some business which promises, as they think, better returns than farming. It may be that the existing prostration in business will turn loose men who can be relied on to carry on such a farm at a profit. Otherwise it is a vain search.

With the right man at the head, capable of planning, not only the work for the season, but for each day, and of getting a day's work done by every hand between the rising and setting sun, it pays to hire plenty of help and practice thorough culture in all things. But if the manager is not master of the situation in general and detail; even if he is a hard worker himself, but lets his man dawdle away the day with seven hours' work, then the more help there is on the farm the worse the showing on the balance sheet at the end of the year.

The skill and efficiency of the man being granted, then there is no question that dairying pays better than wool-growing. But it is hardly necessary to say that the man who makes no more butter and cheese from a dairy of thirteen cows than supplies the family and help of such a farm, is not likely to do a successful business with a dairy of seven or eight times that number. The product (or the profit) of a dairy of a hundred cows would be reckoned something like this: 13 : 100 : : 0 : 00.

Farmers are very numerous who can take two men and manage well, who have not brain enough to keep eight men at work to good advantage.

The high price of farm help is to be taken into account. It might do to employ help at $15 per month to carry on farm work which would be done at a loss with help at $25.

Where it is desirable or necessary to get along with as little help as possible, wool-growing is worthy of the attention of the farmer. But it must be borne in mind that wool-growing with fleeces of four pounds each, will not pay. Large, rugged, grade merino sheep that will cut seven or eight pounds of washed wool can be raised as well as the other kind. They must not be very oily or the staple extremely fine, as these things are a heavy drain on the vitality of the sheep.

With the improved machinery for cutting, curing and storing hay, the cost of raising hay is much reduced. Hay tedders have come to be regarded as a necessity as we have predicted for ten years. The Douglass hay loader is now perfected so that it takes hay from the winrow to the wagon as fast as the team walk. Hay carriers and horse forks are numerous, and there is no difficulty at all in making a pair of horses or a yoke of oxen lift a ton of hay from the wagon to any part of the barn in five minutes.

If the flowage of the meadow is such as to maintain the grass crop at a good average, the sale of a part of the hay, though usually a suicidal policy, is worthy of consideration. If any light or comfort can be extracted from what we have said, it will be a source of gratification to us, for we would be very glad to tell how to realize six per cent from a fair valuation of any farm.

Cure for Warts and Ivy Poison.

Editor Vermont Farmer:—As I was reading S. F. Swift's cure for warts in the August 20 number, I thought what a cruel way, when a very simple remedy was so much better, and a sure one, if attended to. Take the stalks of celandine (now in blossom), wash them, and rub the warts once or twice a day, and in two or three weeks they will all disappear. Have seen it cure very bad warts.

For ivy poison, use the water nettle, which grows around nearly every building. Rub on the same as for warts. The stalks are very juicy and transparent. M. L. H.

Berkshire, Vt.

[Celandine is a useful remedy for ivy poison, if applied early. So are soda and soft soap, or any alkali. After the parts have festered, itching and burning when touched, salt is the best thing we have used. Rub it in hard, so as to tear off the pimples and fill them with salt. Let it remain an hour. As the watery matter oozes out, fill it up with salt. After it is dried down hard, wash it off and dress the parts with sweet oil, or some other soothing application, to exclude the air. We have "been there."]

Feeding Value of Different Articles of Food.

Farmers are too indifferent to the opportunities they have to realize greater profits from their stock by more attention to foods. Professor Atwater gives in the American Agriculturist a table showing the relative value of different articles. He says:

Our tables were translated from those prepared by Dr Wolff, director of the Hohenheim Experiment Station, who has studied these questions for 25 years. These tables are the results of thousands of experiments performed at his and many other experiment stations. He is thus able to tell us the absolute and relative amounts of albuminoids, carbo-hydrates, fats, &c, contained, on the average, in different food materials, and how much is really digestible in each. He has also calculated the money values. That is to say, after ascertaining a fair price per pound for the digestible albuminoids, carbo-hydrates, &c, he computes the value of these nutritive materials in each 100 pounds of grain, hay, &c. The values thus found agree essentially with the German market prices of these products.

The table below gives the results of Dr Wolff's calculations. Note well, that the last column gives only the relative value of each, and not the absolute or market value in any one place. Thus, taking rye as a basis, if in a certain amount of this, say thirty pounds, the digestible albuminoids, fats, &c, are worth $1, then the same weight of corn (30 pounds) is worth 94 cents, cotton seed meal $1.68, and so of the other articles named.

Kinds of Fodder.	Total organic substance.	Indigestible organic substance.	Digestible organic substance.	The digestible organic substance consists of			Calculated money value—Rye worth $1 same weight.
				Albuminoids.	Carbo-hydrates.	Fats.	
Rye (grain)........	83.9	9.4	74.5	9.9	64.	1.6	$1.00
Oats........	83.	27.5	55.5	9.	41.8	4.7	.84
Wheat (grain)........	83.9	7.9	76.	11.7	63.1	1.2	1.07
Indian corn........	84.1	13.1	71.	8.4	57.8	4.8	.94
Peas........	84.	10.7	73.6	22.	49.9	1.7	1.38
Ship stuff (St Louis)*...	85.9	18.1	67.8	8.7	57.1	2.	.88
Wheat bran........	81.5	29.6	51.9	10.9	37.6	3.4	.87
Cotton seed cake (decorticated)........	82.2	26.5	55.7	29.8	17.	9.9	1.68
Meadow hay (inferior).	80.7	41.9	38.8	3.4	34.9	0.5	.45
Meadow hay (average).	79.5	32.1	47.4	5.4	41.1	0.9	.59
Meadow hay (best)....	76.3	22.8	53.5	9.2	43.1	1.2	.78
Red clover hay (av.).	78.7	32.4	46.3	7.	38.1	1.2	.65
Pasture grass........	18.	5.3	12.7	2.4	9.9	0.4	.21
Fodder corn (green)..	16.7	5.8	10.9	0.3	6.9	0.2	.12
Fodder corn (dry)....	80.8	42.4	38.4	1.1	37.	0.3	.54
Wheat straw (winter)..	81.6	47.7	33.9	0.7	32.8	0.4	.29

*Calculated from an analysis by Prof F. H. Storer.

By comparing the above figures, our correspondents, and others, may judge of the relative amount of nutritive ingredients in the different foods named, and of their general money value, taken by themselves, without reference to any special object in feeding, or what other materials they are to be mixed with. But Mr Buchi, for example, is feeding milch cows. If he feeds for butter chiefly, and has good hay, some of the best farmers in this region would tell him to use, along with the hay, corn meal, and some oats, and perhaps cotton seed meal. If he sells milk and wants large quantities without reference to any special quality, he would propably find it profitable to use bran of wheat or rye, with cotton seed meal and some roots.

The table above shows that there is little of digestible albuminoids in corn stalks, straw and inferior hay (three-quarters to three and one-half pounds in 100 pounds of the fodder, or only one-eighth to one-half as much as in fine quality hay). To use these coarser foods economically, we must supply their lack of nitrogen or albuminoids. It is very evident, then, that the decorticated cotton seed meal with its 29 per cent of digestible albuminoids, is worth more for mixing than corn, wheat, oats or ship stuff, which contain only eight and one-half to 11 per cent of this. The feeding values of cotton seed meal, bran, oats, corn, &c, are not exactly proportioned to their contents of abluminoids. But that they are approximately so, is abundantly shown by experience, by feeding experiments, and by careful scientific investigation.

The Poetry of Farm Life.

Extracts from a paper read at the Vermont Dairymen's Association at Montpelier, January 20, 21 and 22, by Mrs Kile.

I have the honor to be the daughter of a farmer, born and brought up on one of the roughest, rockiest farms of this rough and rocky Vermont, miles away from the village church, the postoffice and the railroad depot. I think I have a right to know something about the very country farm-life indeed.

In the presence of an assembly of intelligent dairymen I need not protest that I consider this no misfortune.

The Vermont dairymen's sons and daughters are born to a wealth of beauty, romance and freedom, which other children, that the world reckons fortunate, may dream of in vain. Light, air and healthful food are not more necessary to a perfect childhood than contact with nature; a whole sky, a strip of forest land, a real brook. My father's farm was rocky, the ledges were piled in ranges, one after another through the pastures. There were places in the woods where great boulders, square, jagged, broken into all sorts of fantastic shapes, were thrown together in fearful picturesqueness by the unerring hand of nature. Artists try to represent these things in oils, sometimes. I have seen Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains. I could not help wishing that the admiring crowds who gathered around that painting in the New York academy, might see our old ledge in the forest back of the hill lot.

These ledges were the grand chateaux, the fortresses, the strongholds of my childhood. Honey-suckles grew upon them, gray masses of curious structure, and climbing vines. Here we lived during the long summer days, we children, with our dolls and cats, and dreamed of castled splendor and fancied ourselves the stately ladies we had read about in picture books. Sometimes we made grand exploring tours into neighboring countries, spent hours, perhaps, tracing a brook to its source—attempting to do so; of course, we never reached the mysterious starting point, but we learned a good deal about our brook. What a marvellous human thing it seemed; babbling and gossiping, and putting on airs in the open country, where everybody might be looking, but growing still and reverent as it entered the solemn woods; and, as it grew deeper and quieter, soft mosses and twinkling violets and graceful ferns gathered on its banks, and once, when it seemed to have wholly forgotten itself, the tree branches parted, and the blue sky with a golden star came down and rested in its bosom. Not that we ever succumbed to the brook, marvellous and incomprehensible as it seemed in our eyes. We promised to discover its source at some future time. For the present we waded into its crystal depths and took possession of it after the manner of the old Spanish explorers. We named all its waterfalls, inlets and little branches. We put down our discoveries in a book made of folded foolscap, and thought it would be subject to us and our heirs forever. Sometimes we took a lunch on these excursions. I had dinner in a style Calypso might have envied. We carried home our baskets fuller than we brought them away, of beautiful things,—ferns, mosses, curious stones, bark, pine cones and acorn cups, and more things than I have time to mention. Our sun bonnets and aprons were brought into requisition, and at home we trimmed the whole house and planted the garden, and were sad when, after all, so many had to be thrown away.

The profusion of nature is astonishing to our economical souls. Sometimes, however, our views differ with regard to the wisdom of all her expenditures. "Them brakes!" exclaimed an old farmer, leaning over the pasture bars and gazing into our Eden, "I wonder what the good Lord made 'em for."

"Them brakes," indeed! He meant our beautiful ferns!—that grew so plentifully we could spread our couches, our palace floors with fresh ones every morning. We had so many uses for them. They were a beauty and a joy to us forever. We knew that in creating them the good Lord had made no mistake. Besides the variety of every day, there was the variety which the seasons brought us.

Before we had grown tired of summer the autumn was ushered in with a pomp and glory that no other part of the world can boast. The apple trees become favorite places of resort now. We have favorite seats among the boughs, we take our books to them and feast the intellectual and physical man at the same time.

Oh the delights of those harvest days. Nature wears her festive robes—the air grows bracing, the corn is gathered in slender pyramids, and the yellow pumpkins lie about the field.

Do you know what glorious hiding places there are among the corn stacks? The memory of a rollicking game of hide and seek there makes croquet on the lawn tame and spiritless. The charm is not lost when the well filled stooks are piled away in the barn.

Can I speak of the poetry of farm-life and forget to mention the barn? The great roomy castle filled, even in autumn, with the perfume of new mown hay. The veritable article for the fragrant piles are in sight. The yellow straw peeps through the cracks of the high loft overhead. Yonder is the tall, straight ladder which leads up to it, and to the nice jumping places as well, and the new hens' nests. It shakes a little when you take hold of it, and your head swims and your heart beats, although you know it is fastened securely, every time you try to mount it. But you do mount it nevertheless, looking straight up and praying for courage. It is just so trying to take steps up in the world. The ladder is strong and stands firm enough. The places beckon, but if your head is weak you grow giddy—if you forget to look up you fall.

There are many apt lessons, and parables, and allegories, hid away in this grand storehouse. To him who listens they are revealed. I wonder that the man who spends much time here is ever at loss for a helpful hint for the prayer-meeting. Do we forget to consider the lilies, or the grass of the field which our heavenly Father has clothed with so much thought?

This barn has its moods and tenses. You should come to it early in the summer when the echoes haunt it, or later when the cattle will be at home here; cows with their meek faces and solemn eyes looking up from their low stalls; horses neighing impatiently for attention; colts, calves, geese, turkeys, ducks and hens, a motley crew, noisy and lively in the great sheltered yard, a world by itself where each one lives his own separate animal life, with his own ends in view, as unmindful of us, our favors and our dictation as we perhaps of our ministering, guiding spirits in the world above.

Dairymen's associations have meetings where money and time and wisdom are freely spent to find out what is best for these unthinking herds.

Do you suppose they ever have meetings in heaven to devise best means for our good? I have read that there was joy up there over one sinner that repenteth.

But I linger. I remember that farm-life is not all play, one grand festive time out of doors, and that there is another experience than that of childhood in our lives. Because it is so, because childhood and play time are so soon passed, we ought to try to make the most of them, and because these early memories stay with us always I think we should be very careful of what sort they are.

My friends, it is a good thing to talk about our cattle, the best methods of producing a perfect article of butter, and that, if we keep the ultimate end, the well-being of the family always in view. There is a demand for the best things in any market. One who can produce a perfect article that the world stands in need of is rich in the good things of this life. The one who can furnish a man or woman, of which the world stands in sore need always, is richer still, for he will receive wages from earth and heaven. We love our children. We would add to their lives besides the one thing needful, all the pleasant things this world affords. But if we are not able to procure for them the golden key which unlocks the world's favors, if we cannot secure for them the training of schools, which seems so desirable, there are better things yet that we can do for them. We can furnish them with pure and happy memories of home and childhood, memories that will serve to keep their hearts warm always, that will serve to keep alive their faith in good people, in God and heaven.

I do not believe there was ever a misanthrope, or an infidel (I use this term in its broad sense) who had a happy home in his youth, or a pleasant childhood.

Does the poetry of farm life change into prose as we grow older, as the hard, real work of life begins? If it does, my friends, depend upon it there is something wrong. The fields do not lose their beauty as our lives advance. The mountains, like the righteousness of God, are round about us always. The sky above remains as glorious as when the morning stars first sang together in its unfathomable depths. And into the very presence chamber of nature, in the midst of such mystery and beauty that one who sees puts off his shoes, the farmer's work brings him. Is it a small thing to minister daily in such a temple?

The associations that cluster around this work of tilling the soil are many and romantic. The first man, the ideal man fresh from the hand of his Creator, given the dominion of the whole earth, was set at an ideal employment, and that employment was farming. His farm was a garden of great extent and his work was to dress and to keep it.

The grandest of the grand old Romans whom the boys when they go to college never tire of telling us about, were farmers. The Roman people choose their rulers from ploughmen. Their shopmen, tradesmen and mechanics were plebeian; their agriculturists patrician, honorable.

When our Savior was on earth his lessons, illustrations, parables, were drawn so often from the work of the husbandman that a kind of halo gathers around it. I wonder that the thoughtful man can go from his morning prayers to his work in the spring time without thinking of the sower who went forth to sow or watch the gradual growth of the upspringing plant without remembering how like the kingdom of heaven it is, coming not with the observation, but slowly, silently, first the blade, then the ear and the full corn in the ear.

It must be that farm work is good—good for the body—good for the soul.

How is it that I hear complaints from young men and young women—from men and women who are older—of its drudgery, its monotony?

When our city friends say unpleasant things of our life here, I can smile. They do not know.

But when the farmers themselves are discontented, and repine at their lot, I am sad. Not that I would have one pretend to enthusiasm that he does not feel, or swallow down his fate like a bitter pill, holding his peace, and making no sign. This is not contentment; it is endurance, and God has given the dairymen of Vermont too goodly an inheritance, for them simply to endure their lot.

If there is no beauty, no happiness, no rest in our lives, let us search for the thing that hinders. Do I not know that one's back may be so bent with labor that he cannot see the sky or the mountains? One's time so filled with digging, that he is never free to find out what the Romans thought, or even what Christ has said? And then—what if farm life be full of poetry, and the farmer have no music in his soul? What if the world be full of beauty, and the worshipper be blind? What if there should be celestial music in the wind-harps, and the one who should listen be deaf?

My friends, if there is a man who leads his daily life in the presence of our grand hills and mountains, and never feels his heart stirred within him; one who goes to the field in summer time, day after day, unmindful of the songs of birds, or the thousand harmonious voices of nature; one who looks out upon our winter landscape, when the sunlight has glorified it, and does not feel his whole soul awed and hushed, as in the presence of a power outside himself, superior, mysterious, divine, let him pray earnestly that his blind eyes may be opened, that his deaf ears may be unstopped, and that he may be born again of the spirit.

And so I am glad when I hear the proud boast from conventions like this that their first business is to raise men; when I learn of their inviting the president of our University to talk to them about their boys and girls, and when your president pays the compliment to suggest that they may have some other work in the family than the mere drudgery of it, and asks us humbler people to talk about home life upon the farm.

Home life, and I have kept you out of doors a good part of the time, racing through the fields, romping in the barn, and looking at the scenery. Well, dear lady friends, it is a good place to be in. In the millenium I expect women will always help rake the hay, bind the oats, husk the corn, and that "hired men" will take a turn at the washing and scrubbing in doors. It is a good thing now to anticipate the millenium, by frequent walks and rides in the fields. Not that the work indoors is unpleasant or unpoetical, if managed right—if you let the sun come into your kitchen windows, keep the green grass growing around your back door, and bright flowers. Don't be afraid to stop to read a newspaper, either, or let some one read aloud while the work goes on. To this day I never eat a bit of new cheese or fresh grass butter but I get a breath of the roses that grow around our back door, and am dimly conscious of Horace Greeley, in the old days before he tried to be president, clambering over the mountains of Europe, because we used to read the New York Tirbune while the morning work went on.

Dear ladies, you all know how to make home happy and pleasant. You all would do so, and send your boys away with the sweetest memories, and turn them back with those memories, too, but for one demon which haunts this northern Vermont, a terrible dragon who stands on the door of the farmer's house and watches jealously for even a bit of comfort and fun and sparkle, that enters there, and throttles it if he can. The name of this demon, dragon, fiend, is overwork. You know him. From the beginning of your married life he has tempted you. It is Satan himself, saying: "All the kingdoms of this world will I give you if you will fall down and worship me." He tells you it's your duty, he beseeches you by the holiest ties of love. He is a liar, and you will soon know how he will reward you if you serve him faithfully—ill-health, an irritable temper, sickly children, a spoiled home. Do battle with him earnestly. Pray against him. Save your health and some hours of leisure each day, and put a little sweetness into the family life.

Every wife and mother should be in some sense a poet. It is possible for her to do so much, for she sits at the helm in the family. The heart of her husband trusts in her, the children take all things as yea and amen from her lips. If it were not for that old dragon how much happiness and zest she would give to life. She would put singing into the family prayers and call attention to the form of the cloud resting on old Mansfield. She would teach the children to see so well that they could never become unconscious of the beauties and wonders of nature. She would bring books to her aid—oh, how she would need them; and the evenings—these long winter evenings—would be rich with the treasures of history, poetry and romance, shared together around the family table. She would put a great many festive days into the year, I think Christmas, Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July, papa's birthday and the wedding anniversary, each of the children's birthdays, would, I think, be transfigured into happy times, to be looked forward to with longing by the little ones, and treasured up afterwards in the heart forever.

I wanted to say a great deal about these festive days. We New England farmers are apt to forget them. We call them nonsense.

Please read in the Old Testament what God thought about them. Because he knew what was in man. He bound His chosen people, by all the sacredness of their religion, to set apart frequent times to be happy in. We cannot improve upon God's plan. He attaches as much importance to the poetry, to the beauty of life as to its hard work. Dairymen give a little corner to it in their associations.

Treatment for Texas Cattle Disease.

Various plans of medication have been resorted to in the curative treatment of this disease, but thus far with questionable results. No specific medicine, however ardently claimed or faithfully administered, has yet been found to stay its ravages, and it will be impossible to select even an approximate remedy, until its pathology is better understood.

Eliminations and antiseptics would naturally seem to be called for, and such medicines have been given in certain cases, with good success. Many times cathartics are specially indicated, and when given early have operated favorably. Salts are the most appropriate physic for cattle in this and other febrile affections, and should be given in large doses of a pound or more. Diuretics are also valuable agents to be used. Saltpetre, acetate of potash, and sweet spirits of nitre have been used to good advantage, at a critical stage, when the bladder had become distended with high colored urine. In such cases I have used gin and a strong tincture of the oil of juniper, and have seen much relief afforded to a creature in a dying state. Hence I would advise the free use of such remedies to evacuate the bladder, and thus aid in the work of elimination.

Bleeding has been strongly advocated, but it must be resorted to early, to get any perceptible effects. When the spleen has become congested, there is little chance of affording amelioration by venisection. But at the commencement of an attack, if the animal is strong and fleshy, it is well to bleed, and no doubt many cases have been saved by so doing.

Carbolic acid has been used as an antiseptic in all stages of the malady, and it is worthy of further experimentation. Common salt is believed to exert a favorable effect, when given freely, to all cattle that have been exposed in the line of transportation, especially when they have been deprived of drink for several days, as is often the case in the shipment of western stock.

Stimulants, in our hands, have proved very efficacious. In some extreme cases I have given gin, dilute alcohol, and cider brandy, and usually not less than a half pint of either at a dose, to be repeated as the patient may require. Cattle that have been drooping for some time will be revived, and even recover from an almost hopeless condition. Hence I believe that ardent spirits should be freely given in this and other febrile affections.

The carbonate of ammonia, ginger, pepper and camphor have also been given to stimulate the system, but I much prefer the alcoholic preparations. Some physicians, believing this disease to be malarial, have recommended quinine and other bitter tonics, such as gentian, columbo and nux vomica, but I have never seen any marked effects from these medicines.—[Dr Cressy's Report on Diseases of Domestic Animals, Conn. Board of Agriculture, 1875.

Top Dressing for Grass.

Mr Joseph Howard, of Harrison, Maine, reports in the Maine Farmer a very successful experiment in top-dressing mowing lands. He spread about three cords per acre of horse and ox manure composted with muck and chip dirt, and worked over by hogs. After spreading from the cart, a brush was dragged over it to pulverize it as much as possible. This was applied in August, last year, and it was feared the severe drouth during the fall would render the dressing inoperative, but the increase in the crop this year was remarkable, being double that of last year on the same ground. On one piece, where foul grasses had begun to appear, the top-dressing had the effect to bring up a thick, stout growth of timothy and redtop, so that the poor grasses were not seen. Mr Howard is confident that the extra quantity of hay harvested this year from those pieces of ground, pays him for all the expense of top-dressing.

A Strange Disease.—A singular and startling disease has broken out among the cattle it this section. The disease affects the optical nerves, and when once it attacks the poor dumb brutes total blindness invariably follows. The disease is an unaccountable one, and from its nature and appalling results, is creating a profound sensation among cattle owners. The problem as to the nature of the foul disorder is a knotty one, and probably will never be satisfactory solved. In the meantime, immediate steps should be taken to eliminate or at least arrest the further progress of the horrible malady.—[Lexington, Mo., Register.

Short-Horns for Butter.

"L.," of Montgomery county, Md., after expressing his pleasure in reading B. H. Cambell's account of the Smithfield show of fat cattle, asks: "Why is it that none of our Short-Horn breeders have tried to breed for milk and beef both, in the same herd?" And further on he says: "If any one has pure Short-Horn cattle of a real milking strain, bred with that view for years, would they not do well to advertise and tell us what they can do?"

For the information of your many readers, I will say that Aubray Hoffman 17 years ago bought a Short-Horn heifer coming two years old, which did not prove with calf. He spent some time looking for a mate for her, and when he found one that suited his notions, they were mated. Their first calf was a heifer; they were mated again, and the second calf was a heifer. The mother and her two daughters (when the second daughter was five or six years old) made in one year 1,043 lbs of butter. The trial began the 27th of March, 1865, and ended the 27th of March, the next year. The old cow had been milked five months when the experiment began, the oldest daughter had just had her calf taken away from her, and the youngest daughter did not calve until the last of May. What they would have made, had they all been fresh milkers on the 27th of March, when the experiment began, cannot be told. The experiment was continued the next year, with the same three cows, with the addition of a two-year-old heifer, also from the old cow, which resulted in their making 1,211 lbs, weighed out in pound prints for market. This strain of cows is very prolific, bringing a calf every year. Three-fourths of her calves are heifers; the heifers have all been raised, and are all good milkers and good butter cows. The old cow is 19 years old, and will soon have her sixteenth calf, never having missed once, and last year she made in one week 10 lbs of butter weighed in pound prints for market. The first three cows, on the day of the October election, in the year of the first experiment, were weighed on the scales in the presence of the people there assembled, the old cow, Red Rose, weighing 1,680 lbs; the oldest daughter, Hoffman's Star, 1,820 lbs, and the youngest daughter, Hoffman's Dolly, 1,760 lbs.—[Chas C. Moore, of Chester county, Pa., in Country Gentleman.

Fall Feed.

Ansell W. Putnam writes to the New England Farmer:

"Starvation kills more grass than all other causes combined; leaving the full growth helps to keep grass from starving; if it is left every year, it may, as a manure and by its mechanical operations as mulch in the summer time, be worth as much to leave on the ground as to feed, but it looks to me like poor farming to use good grass for manure. Feed the cows with grass; feed the grass with the manure from the cows. If the gross is manured enough, you may feed it until November, and expect it to grow in the spring and begin to lodge as early in June as you will be ready to begin haying.

"I am working a 20-acre farm. If I had neither mowed nor fed my fields after the first of September, I must have left on the ground grass that I made at least $100 worth of milk from, and I expect to grow two tons more of hay the coming season than I could have grown if I had not fed that grass, or fed something in the place of it, which would have cost me a hundred dollars. While feeding that grass I fed $40 worth of grain with it, and sold $140 worth of milk. The manure made while feeding the grass and grain was all used as top-dressing, therefore I think I have a right to expect two tons more of hay next year from that grass than I could have got if I had left it on the ground, for my impression is that it would not be decomposed enough to feed the crop before the second year after it was left. My motto is, feed close and manure high, but I am willing to change it for a better one when I can find it. I mow and feed until November."

Value of Skimmed Milk.

The value of skimmed milk is more nearly equal to that of whole milk for food than is usually supposed. Prof E. W. Stewart says in the Live Stock Journal:

Skimmed milk is fed so irregularly, and so little attention is paid to the exact result, that the farmer's knowledge is very indefinite upon it. For growing the young animal, this milk has much nearer the value of new milk than is generally supposed, having lost only its oil, or cream, retaining the casein, phosphate of lime, and all the most important ingredients necessary to the growth of the young animal. It appeared from experiments published in the July number of the Journal for 1874 that milk, when fed to calves, paid four mills per lb, or three cents and four mills per gallon, when only the increase in live weight was counted; but if the whole value of the calf grown upon the milk was taken when 10 weeks old, it produced nearly one cent per lb, or eight and one-half cents per gallon. These experiments, conduced by three separate parties, at the same time, embracing 17 calves, proved that it took on an average 13.19 lbs of skimmed milk to put on one lb live weight. We have fed pigs and found that it takes about 18 lbs of skimmed milk to make one pound dressed pork; and from all the light we have upon this subject it appears not unreasonable to conclude that by feeding judiciously, skim milk may be made to pay on an average four cents a gallon.

Bone Meal for Stock.

The Live Stock Journal says:

We have tested the advantages of feeding bone flour to cows and young stock, and have no doubt that it is more valuable for this purpose than is generally supposed, even by those who have used it. Take pure bone meal, ground fine, boil it an hour, and then mix two tablespoonfuls in the food for each cow, three times per week, or give one-third that quantity every day. Cattle like it after eating a few times. A small quantity is excellent for young stock. It will give a larger and more vigorous frame.

Ashes.—Ashes are so valuable an application to all soils, and almost all crops, that we do not know when they may not be applied to advantage. Put them on your grass land now—no time could be better. The grass roots will start up in consequence, and your fields will show the effects of it, for years to come. As to the amount—put on all you can get; we never knew the instance where a farmer could get more than it was profitable to apply. Old fields will stand a liberal application, and some say 100 bushels to the acre will not be an injury to the land; but you will probably use less—at any rate don't be afraid to put on a good quantity.—[Maine Farmer.

A Few Words About Witch Grass.

Any one troubled with witch grass, may subdue it by the following process: plow the ground as soon after haying as practicable; cross plow before the ground freezes and harrow down thoroughly. Plow again in the spring, or if the land is mellow the cultivator will do just as well. At the proper time, plant with turnips, beans, corn, or any crop that will admit the hoe close to the roots. Hoe often until the crop shades the ground. By this process you will so far exterminate the witch grass, that in after years you may plant any crop on the ground or make it into a vegetable garden. The extra crop gained by the extra cultivation, will more than compensate for all the expense. Or if it is desirable to get a crop by plowing in the spring, plow early and pile the sods in bunches as high as practicable. Let them remain about a month and then spread the piles over the ground and harrow effectually and you may get a good crop of turnips, cabbages or corn, a little late planted, should your land be rich. If the land is full of witch grass, the decayed roots will form a mulching that is valuable to the crop and will leave the land in fine condition for future crops. This is no mere theory; I have tried it many times and never failed of success.

Some of my neighbors have this year, spent more time in raking out and hauling off the grass roots, than I have in my entire cultivation, and we alike have a corn crop on the land; and it is safe to say that there is not one-fourth of the witch grass on mine there is on theirs. If any one doubts this, I invite examination. The frequent use of the hoe is an important thing in any hoed crop. I am not sure but the All-wise Creator gave us weeds, to make us stir the ground, to prepare it to receive the nitrogen from the falling dews, which is an important ingredient in the growth of vegetation. There was recently an editorial article in the Farmer on the importance of hoeing that farmers would do well to heed.—[David Brown in Maine Farmer.

A Needed Reform.

When public opinion shall demand the same inspection of animals, both before and after they are killed, now practiced in Continental European cities, and by the Jews, so far as I am informed, everywhere, and the Christian inspector shall stand at our cattle markets, side by side with the Jewish Rabbi, to condemn and cause to be destroyed the meat of every diseased animal, then animals will be brought to our markets without cruelty, and the Christian will eat as good meat as the Jew. Cattle cars have already been invented and tried with entire success, in which cattle can be carried thousands of miles with food, water, and rest, and arive in good condition. When these cars come into general use, railroads will make more money, because one-third to one-half more cars will be required to transport the same number of cattle; dealers will make more money, because (saying nothing of the animals that die on the passage) an enormous waste of the best parts of the meat will be saved, and this saving will not only pay the the increased charges of transportation, but also have a large margin of gain; consumers getting wholesome meats at one-half to three-fourths the prices they now pay for diseased meats, will buy larger quantities, and so increase the trade. All that is needed is a public opinion which shall require these forms of slaughtering to be generally practiced, and that faithful inspectors shall be stationed at the slaughter-houses to see that they are properly carried out and all animals properly fed and watered up to the time of killing; then the 60,000,000 or more dumb creatures that are now killed annually in this country for food, will die without pain to themselves or danger to the consumer.—[Sanitarian.

Thoroughbred Bulls for the Dairy.

Dr Sturtevant says in the Live Stock Journal:

The farming public have arrived at the stage of recognition of the value of the thoroughbred for practical purposes, while the most enterprising of the dairy farmers are acting on this knowledge. Probably never before were there so many thoroughbred bulls in use at one time, in this country, as at present, and probably never was the satisfaction over the results gained more universal.

Prize Birds as Breeders.

A prize bird may turn out to be a good breeder, but the probability is against it. We should prefer to breed from a cock that was somewhat related to our stock, but not good enough to win a prize, than to breed from "any prize bird" even at such shows as are mentioned above. "Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," and since we have been to school there, we hope we shall not be considered pig-headed, if we give heed to our teacher and not to the Western journal which advocates selecting prize birds for breeders.—[Poultry Review.

BREVITIES.

Experiments at Houston, Texas, show that northern corn yields 10 bushels to the acre more than the ordinary corn of the country.

The Peterboro (N. H.) Transcript says a spunky hen and an unwise boy caused the fire by which a complete set of farm buildings were burned, recently. The boy undertook to "break up" a sitting hen, and after all other plans which his inventive genius could suggest had failed, he deliberately set fire to the nest under her, which was in the barn or shed adjoining. But even this did not conquer or drive her, and the result was that the hen, barn, sheds, and house were entirely consumed. The buildings were situated on the Bennington road, formerly know as the "Hopkins place," and were occupied by a Mr Holt.

Potatoes will not keep through the winter if covered tightly in a keg or barrel. Holes should be bored in the barrel to give a circulation of air. When buried in the ground, they should not be put in tight kegs. In case a small quantity of seed is to be kept separate in a large pit, it should be put in an old basket or keg open at the top, and covered with some straw. The pit should have plenty of ventilation by means of plenty of straw placed in the top and brought into contact with the potatoes.

Mr John S. T. Wallace is the only breeder of thoroughbred poultry in Barnet. He took first premium on light Brahmas at St Johnsbury fair last fall, and his advertisement notes the excellence of his stock. Having bred fowls for ten years, he knows how to select good ones, judging from his yard. During the ten years he has bred light and dark Brahmas, white and brown Leghorns, black Spanish and Houdans, and yet he is comparatively unknown to the poultry fraternity! Like "Uncle Abe" he is tall, modest and honest, and when he says he will satisfy purchasers, we think he will do it.—[Poultry Review.